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FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1907.

A Prospective Political Issue.

The renomination of Theodore Roosevelt for another Presidential term would shift the political issues, concentrate the thought of the country on the single issue of a third term, and again sharply divide the parties. To evade this issue the third termers have invented the phrase, "second elective term," which they put forward to harmonize the third-term movement with the anti-third term tradition. The distinction between a third term and a "second elective term," under the conditions of the present case, is not impressive, and it is doubtful if it would appeal to any considerable number of voters already committed to the traditional limitation of the Presidential term. From any point of view the renomination and re-election of Mr. Roosevelt would smash precedent. No President has yet served eleven years and five months consecutively, or in any other way; nor has any Presidential candidate been nominated for a "second elective term" after serving three years in the Presidency, or for a third term. So that in the event of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy the voters of the country would be called upon to decide whether the traditional limitation of the Presidential term should be ignored or respected.

Such an issue would give the Democratic party the opportunity for which its leaders are now so eagerly looking. Certain shrewd observations of Mr. Bryan indicate that he is fully alive to this aspect of the third-term movement. It would be an issue upon which the Democratic factions could unite as upon no other. Our old friend, Col. Watterson, would no longer be headlined as a political pessimist. The pen that immortalized the star-eyed goddess of reform would come to the defense of the country against Mexicanization and imperialism. Voices that were silent when 16 to 1 was abroad in the land, or that do not attune themselves cheerfully to government ownership or Federal regulation, would awake and resound in the presence of a new and thrilling paramount. We should even hope to hear the mellifluous, though reluctant, notes of John Temple Graves chanting the lay of Democracy, the sway of the demos, inspired by "third-termish Caesarism," as Thomas Nast dubbed it in Grant's time.

Would it be a winning issue? Third-term sentiment astonishes us by appearing in the most unexpected quarters. We hear of it North, South, East, and West, in all parties, and among all sorts and conditions of men. Perhaps the people are prepared to smash a precedent, and it is conceivable that the third-term issue might be as effective in rallying support to Mr. Roosevelt as it would be in consolidating the forces of the opposition. At all events, it would add zest and novelty to our somewhat outworn political controversies, sharpening party differences, and offering a new alignment to the perplexed voters of all shades of opinion. But it is yet too early to forecast its value as a party asset.

And then, of course, if Mr. Bryan is to nominate Mr. Roosevelt, Uncle Henry Gassaway Davis ought to be permitted to rename Mr. Fairbanks.

The Due Process of Law.

Another human life has been taken in a neighboring State under the code of private vengeance, nowadays too widely defended, under which it is considered the duty of male relatives of a woman to punish crimes against her person. Assuming that in this particular instance the facts are as alleged by the father of the young woman, that the man punished was guilty and that under the law of Virginia he might, on conviction by a jury, have suffered capital punishment, what shall we say of the popular influence of justifying the code of private vengeance in such cases and of the effect upon criminal jurisprudence of the prevalence of such a code?

When a man seeks to avenge a public wrong by private means he brushes aside as of no avail and of no importance the whole fabric of government by law which has been so laboriously built up by centuries of civilization. He constitutes himself judge in his own cause, one of the evils which, as Blackstone says, the institution of civil government was intended to remedy. He deprives his victim of all the rights of the citizen as secured to him by the Constitution and the laws. He declares that the accused shall not have the right of trial by jury; of confronting his accusers, and making answer to their accusations—in short, denies to him the fundamental rights guaranteed by modern states to the meanest criminal and the humblest and obscurest citizen. He tramples upon the bill of rights and the criminal code as so much useless and cumbersome lumber, and sets up the passion of a moment as the highest guide of human action.

The influence of such an attitude toward the institutions of society can be no other than pernicious. It tends to bring all law into contempt. If a man who himself has been an administrator and a legislator of the law, upon his first experience with an aggravated wrong affecting himself and his family, harks back to the primitive code of vengeance, thereby confessing the provisions of the criminal code for the protection of women a failure and the elaborate precautions of the law for the protection of the rights of an accused citizen mere senseless barriers to hasty and prejudiced infliction of punishment, what opinion may men of lesser rank and station have of the due process of law? Will they gain a higher respect for the orderly processes of the courts, or will they, instead, become more restive under the restraints of a civilized code and less willing to intrust the prevention and the punishment of public wrongs to the agencies, however imperfect, which civilization has set up, after long and arduous experiment, for the adjudication of such wrongs?

Now that Mr. Taft has gone to Ohio, Mr. Nicholas Longworth can get off the lid.

A Habit of Desertion.

A notable case of personal irresponsibility is furnished by an enlisted man who is destined to be much tried by military process. The case is interesting as showing the unaccountable indifference of some men to the obligations which are imposed upon them with all the solemnity of an oath.

A man enlisted last February at the Washington Barracks and was assigned to the Forty-fourth Company of Coast Artillery, which is station at Fort Washington. On March 3 he disappeared, and on March 10, having been regarded as absent without leave, he was dropped as a deserter. Three days later he was apprehended, brought before a military court and convicted of absence without leave. It appeared that the same man enlisted at Fort Myer, Va., on March 7, four days after he left Fort Washington, taking an assumed name. The same day he against deserted, and, after the ten days' period it is usual to wait, he was dropped as a deserter. There was no difficulty in establishing that the two enlistments were, one in the Coast Artillery and the other in the cavalry arm, one at Washington Barracks and the other at Fort Myer, that of the same soldier, but the question came up as to what extent he could be tried, and whether, having been convicted of absence without leave, he could now be tried for whatever he did while he was on such absence. The War Department has fixed it so that the offender can be tried for desertion from the Coast Artillery instead of absence without leave, since he manifested by his new enlistment a determination to desert and not return; and he could be tried for fraudulent enlistment at Fort Myer and for desertion from the troop at that post.

The case offers an interesting psychological study of a man who within a brief period of four days deserts from one organization, enlists in another, and deserts for a second time.

"So far as the Georgian is concerned, the Bryan-Roosevelt suggestion is at rest," says the Atlanta Georgian. Requiescat in pace!

Glorious, Glittering News.

The esteemed Omaha Bee, which is a very busy Bee, indeed, and one that seldom stings, brings tidings of great joy to the land. The Bee announces that the big circuses have reconsidered their fell determination to cut out the time-honored street parade, and in the future these colossal aggregations of world's wonders will display their glittering and gorgeous street pageants as of yore, if not even more so!

'Tis well; nay, 'tis grand! The common people have gained another notable victory, and the greed of the high and mighty individuals who run the circuses has been given wholesome and well-timed check. The circus parade has been for years the one thing beautiful and the one joy forever to youthful hearts. To abandon and abolish it would be a crime against the happiest traditions of childhood; a violent assault upon such stuff in tiny hearts "as dreams are made of."

Having, by the combined condemnatory weight of concentrated public opinion thus brought to "taw" the circuses in one particular, why not proceed, in this day of reform, with other and still more radical demands? Why not insist that the "reserved seat" section be made to include something less than ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of the good seats under the canvas? Why not demand that the price of the "reserved seat" be made something less than twice the price of admission? Why not demand that the strips of red carpet spread along the seats as aforesaid be not only padded, but occasionally dusted? Why not demand, strenuously and with one accord, the abolition of that greatest of all fakes, "the afterpiece, or concert?" And last, but by no means least, why, oh, why, not insist that the near-lemonade come within hailing distance of its pretensions and lend the joy to thirsty and eager gullets that it should, ought, and could?

A circus is a fine institution. Like a locomotive, it never quite ceases to challenge our attention and respect. But the people have been very kind and indulgent with the Barnums and the Baileys of the land. They have good-naturedly stood for the gouging, and they have paid much coin to view "fake" petrified mermaids and flaxen-haired snake charmers in the side shows. They submitted to the remark, "The people like to be humbugged," with an indulgent smile. But the time has come to reform the circus. Having won a signal victory in forcing the restoration of the parade, let all stout-hearted circus-lovers pause not in their crusade until a complete and lasting rehabilitation has been effected.

Vice President Fairbanks' father was a wagon-maker, according to the Chicago Record-Herald. The son is something of an expert in fence-making.

"Antagonism" to Railroads.

President Finley, of the Southern Railroad, delivered a strong, sensible, and timely address at Memphis, Tenn., a few evenings ago. The keynote of his speech was contained in these inquiries: "Is antagonism to railways to be carried to the point that will destroy the properties, or only to the point that will cripple them? What will be the inevitable effect on the general prosperity of the country of either of these degrees of destruction?"

Mr. Finley's record shows him to be a level-headed man and a skilled transportation manager. He is now administering one of the greatest railroad properties in the world. The Southern traverses the most promising field of development in the country. It ramifies every portion of the South, and is one of the potent factors in that region's rapid and substantial growth. For so practical and far-seeing a man of affairs, Mr. Finley has employed infelicitous phrase to express his thought upon a subject of vast concern to every interest in the United States. In the sense in which he has used the term, there is no "antagonism" to the railroads among the thinking and influential people of this country. All that is demanded is that the transportation agencies adapt themselves to the conditions of the times. In the midst of our great prosperity, evil-disposed persons have taken advantage of the opportunity to impose unnecessary burdens upon the productive energies of the nation by increasing needlessly the fixed charges of the railroads in the form of heavy bond issues that were not required for the maintenance of the properties, their betterments or their extensions. By this process of bond manipulation vast profits have been made by the manipulators without conferring corresponding benefits upon the railroads. Had these profits gone into railroad development, the public would have shared in them, and thus there would not be to-day the outcry against the unnecessary burdens and fixed charges, interest on which has to be paid by the producing and consuming masses. We are glad to say that President Finley is not one of those who have participated in this reprehensible game of overcapitalization. He belongs to the class of real "railroad men" that manage the properties intrusted to their care with singleness of purpose for the benefit of their employers, and in doing which they serve the public interest with judgment and fidelity.

There is no more "antagonism" to the Finleys among the great mass of the American people than there is to the railroads. There is no disposition in any responsible quarter to either "destroy" or "cripple" the railroads, any more than there is a disposition to "destroy" or "cripple" practical and far-sighted railroad managers of the Finley kind. On the contrary, the public, for its own benefit, would save the railroads and the Finleys from the dangerous machinations of unscrupulous and insatiate exploiters. That form of "antagonism" is one of the most healthy signs of the times.

The Rome (Ga.) Tribune, recently burned out, has set up shop in another section of the city, and now demands the immediate establishment of a bank in its new neighborhood. This business of running a newspaper is pretty much the same game, big towns and small ones!

It has been a month, at least, since Mr. Harriman remarked that he would prefer going to the penitentiary rather than the poorhouse, and still nobody has arisen to object to his going to either.

The Connecticut house of representatives passed a bill which makes it unlawful to catch a trout more than seven inches in length. That will still further widen the field of endeavor for the man who lets all the big ones get away.

"Rickety chairs and false friends will break under you," says the Baltimore American. Still, the latter should be sat down upon, if not the former.

"Suppose Thaw's family were not wealthy," suggests a contemporary. In that case, there never would have been any "Thaw case."

Mr. W. T. Stead further complicates the peace situation by declaring that American women have no style.

It is impossible to ascertain which is the madder, Debs or Harriman. Mr. Roosevelt probably suspected something of the kind when he linked their names together.

"April's lady" in ear-muffs is not attired as the poet intended she should be.

"I rarely meet an American gentleman," says Count Boni de Castellane. He probably would never meet one if the American gentleman saw him coming.

They're off at Jamestown! Here's good luck!

"One word from Bryan will make Roosevelt his own successor," says Mr. John Temple Graves. Still, Mr. Graves, isn't it rather an unbrotherly thing to seek to confine Mr. Bryan to one word?

"What is a kiss?" sings a New York poetess. Is the lady from Missouri?

The Swiss have just celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Tell, notwithstanding the fact that iconoclasts long ago abolished William entirely.

The Columbia State speaks of Mr. Addicks as "the late Senator from Delaware." Exactly; so late that he never arrived.

"What is a Democrat?" asks the New York World. "What is a diplodocus?" asks the Macon Telegraph. Are all the papers going to start guessing contests?

Mr. W. T. Stead perhaps imagines that Shakespeare had in mind a steam calliope when he mentioned "these piping times of peace."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Andrew Carnegie took due note of the fact that he was presented that medal by the Legion of Honor without any embarrassing restrictions. It will not be necessary for him to go out and raise another medal like it, in order to make his title good.

Is Hobson's choice "Bryan and Hoke Smith?"

If Congress adopts Mr. Roosevelt's idea about Uncle Sam paying all election expenses, it is to be hoped some member will tack on an amendment providing for government regulation of spell-binders.

An Unsettled Problem.

From the Providence Journal.

Meanwhile, the one great problem that has not been settled at Panama is that of the Gatun dam. Is that immense masonry practicable? Nothing has lately been heard about its technical defects. If the digging keeps on at the present rate in Culebra cut, it will not be long before the government has to decide for or against the dam. It is only fair to say that a grave doubt exists concerning the ability of so extended and lofty a wall to withstand the tremendous water pressure which it is proposed to create behind it.

Hard to Find Resting Place.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Seventeen steamships carrying passengers across the Atlantic have wireless telegraphic apparatus powerful enough to keep them in communication with one shore or the other, all the way. It grows harder every day to find real resting places.

Calculated to Appeal.

From the New York World.

Senator Bourne's fine distinction between a third term and a "second elective term" is calculated to appeal to the mind which conceived a "constitutional recess" between Congresses.

Mr. Olney's Blow.

From the Indianapolis Star.

Mr. Olney is described as having "hit" President Roosevelt by criticising his Santo Domingo policy, and the taking of the Panama strip. But will Mr. Roosevelt feel the blow?

Should Not Be Too Cruel.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A missionary who advocated elevation of the Filipinos through introduction of baseball surely does not intend to acquaint the simple native with the lingo, too.

Light Entertainment.

From the Indianapolis Sun.

When one considers the men who are supposed to be in it, that $5,000,000 conspiracy appears to be only a sort of light entertainment anyway.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

HE WAS THERE.

He knew that she was at the ball,
And through each balcony and hall
For her he sought.
He found the girl behind a post
Where she apparently was lost
In deepest thought.

"Miss Dora, are you quite alone?"
He murmured then in ardent tone.
Misguided wight!
His visage turned a chalky shade
When she looked up and answer made:
"Well, no; not quite."

The Way of a Cook.

"Yis; I likes this place."
"Glory be!"
"'Sh! Th' missis don't know it."

Aiming at Accuracy.

"His face was drawn," read the author.
"I think you'd better change that," advised the publisher. "We're going to illustrate the book with half-tones."

A Is Andy.

When you've made good, my boy,
If 'tis your mood,
You can your time employ
In doing good.

Ever Met Him?

"Knowledge is power."
"Then yonder goes the most powerful man in the world."
"How's that?"
"He knows it all."

Seems So.

"When the assessor calls," remarks a near-philosopher, "some people are prone to lie for all they are worth, or nearly all."

Says One of the Boarders.

"The professor is an authority on border warfare."
"Well, he'll pick up a few new pointers in this here hashhouse."

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!

The inventor of a German motor-hearse claims that its patrons can be buried in one-third the ordinary time.—Westminster Gazette.

Rush him through babyhood; let him not stray
Carelessly, thoughtlessly, down the glad way;
Let him not happily chase butterflies—
Push him and hurry him on till he dies.

Let him not linger to taste of the joy
That was made for the use and the heart of a boy;
Make him remember how swiftly time flies—
Push him and hurry him on till he dies.

Let him not loiter when manhood is his;
Make him remember how precious time is;
Let him keep madly pursuing some prize—
Push him and hurry him on till he dies.

Rush him through babyhood; urge him ahead;
Let him through boyhood be ruthlessly sped;
Whisk him through manhood; then close his dull eyes
And rush him from notice as soon as he dies.

No Vacation for Him.

"My husband and I haven't been apart for a week altogether during the past sixteen years."
"I have often wondered why he had such a weary, discouraged look," replied her candid friend.

Hardly.

"Who was it said: 'Throw physic to the dogs'?"
"I don't recall his name; but I'll bet he wasn't a member of the S. P. C. A."

The Depravity of Man.

"I've just heard of the meanest man in this town."
"What did he do—break open some child's bank?"
"It was worse than that. His wife had made him promise to help her pick out a new spring hat, and a few hours before the time at which he had agreed to meet her in the millinery department of one of the big stores he went to the place, made a few complimentary remarks to one of the young women on duty there and then told her what he had agreed to do.
"'The woman who lives next door to us,' he explained, 'has a new hat which cost $35. Now, my wife will want one which is worth at least $5 or $10 more.'
"Then he whispered some instructions to the bewitching saleslady and departed. When he returned with his wife he skillfully managed it so that she was waited on by the young woman with whom he had arranged matters. A number of hats were brought out for inspection, but only one of them seemed to be satisfactory. There was a hat marked $42 which the victim of the plot liked pretty well, but her husband threw up his hands and declared that it was outrageous for her to expect a man in his circumstances to pay any such price for a wisp of straw and a feather.
"'But, Henry, you want me to look respectable, don't you?' the wife pleaded.
"'That's all right. If I could afford it nothing would give me greater pleasure than to buy this hat for you. But $42! That's more than I pay for a whole suit of clothes. No! You must take something cheaper.'
"Well, they looked at every hat in the store, but always the lady got back to the one which was marked $42. At last Henry found that he would have to go. He couldn't neglect his business all day to help his wife pick out a hat, and he went away, desperately informing her that she might go ahead and select anything she wanted.
"When he got home that night his wife put her arms around his neck and said:
"'I suppose it was awfully extravagant of me, Henry, but I really couldn't find anything else that I would wear. I had the $42 hat charged to you. You won't think I'm silly, will you, dear?'
"Do you know what that wretch had done? He'd induced the young woman in the millinery department to take a $21 hat and put a $42 price tag in it, and there his poor wife is with a hat which actually cost $12 less than the woman next door paid for hers. The depravity of some men is incomprehensible."

What We Are Coming To.

From the Portland Oregonian.

In order to express different degrees of a new but not yet popular malady, we shall have to speak of brain-storm, brain-hurricane, brain-cyclone, and, possibly, brain-blizzard.

THE OTHER FLAG.

There is a flag which all men love
With heartfelt warm devotion,
In fact, its worshipers extend
From ocean unto ocean.

Upon its well beloved field
There are no stars adorning,
No crimson stripes bedeck its length
With streakings of the morning.

There is no song to chant its praise
In patriotic measure,
And yet to scream its glories forth
All men esteem a pleasure.

Although no men have died for it,
We think some need it badly,
And for the baseball pennant bright
Would lynch the umpire gladly.

—New York Sun.

MEN AND THINGS.

Going to Europe?

For a week or more there has been a good deal of talk in Washington clubs about the President's determination to visit Europe immediately after the expiration of his term in 1909. The talk seems more substantial than mere club gossip. It is based upon the assumption that Mr. Roosevelt will resolutely refuse to accept renomination even should events so shape themselves as to make his nomination a party necessity. Several clubmen who enjoy more or less close relations with the White House are giving the report credence. They even go so far as to say that the likelihood of Mr. Roosevelt making the trip in a war ship is now being serious considered. As ex-President he would, of course, no longer have authority to so employ a war ship, but this difficulty could be easily overcome by the simple process of the adoption by Congress of a joint resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy to put at Mr. Roosevelt's disposal any naval vessel that might afford the illustrious traveler the highest degree of comfort. It is stated further that Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German Ambassador, who is now in Berlin, will communicate to his imperial master there the tidings that the President will probably visit the Kaiser's realm in the role of a plain American citizen some time in the year of grace 1909. Baron Sternburg and the President are great chums, and it is considered not improbable that if he is contemplating a trip to Europe after he leaves the White House, Mr. Roosevelt would let the Teutonic diplomat into the secret.

One of the requirements of acceptance of the Nobel Peace Prize, which was awarded to President Roosevelt recently for his putting a stop to the Russo-Japanese war, is that the recipient shall appear at the Norwegian capital within two years after the award and make a speech. Thus, should Mr. Roosevelt desire to visit Europe at the time stated he would have an additional claim upon the privilege to make the trip in a war ship.

Gillette's Hard Luck.

Maj. Cassius E. Gillette, formerly of the Engineer Corps of the army, has had an unusually stormy and luckless career. He it was who unearthed the tremendous frauds in the harbor improvement work at Savannah perpetrated by his predecessor, Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, in collusion with Greene and Gaynor, the contractors. Carter only recently finished a term of imprisonment at Leavenworth under sentence of a military court-martial brought about by Maj. Gillette's exposures. For a year or two after he exposed Carter Gillette had a hard time of it at Savannah, where Carter had been extremely popular, and even in the War Department at Washington he aroused enmities which have beset him more or less ever since. About two years ago, while Maj. Gillette was stationed at San Francisco, he was ordered by Secretary Taft to go to Philadelphia and there co-operate with civilian engineers in investigating the frauds in the construction of the filtration system there. He uncovered stealings that totaled the stupendous sum of $6,000,000. John Weaver, then the "reform mayor," induced Maj. Gillette to resign from the army and accept the position of chief of the bureau of filtration, at a salary of $17,000 a year. That he did splendid work at Philadelphia is freely acknowledged by all interests, but on Wednesday Mayor Reyburn demanded his resignation on the ground of "economy." Maj. Gillette is now entirely out of the army, and can get back only by a special act of Congress.

John Temple Was Here.

Strange as it may seem, the Hon. John Temple Graves came to Washington a day or two after his great speech at Chattagnooga, in which he advanced with customary eloquence the novel scheme for William Jennings Bryan to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President in the Democratic convention, but he manifested himself to few persons here. Usually when Col. Graves is in Washington everybody from the White House to the Capitol knows it. But on his last visit he did not even drop in at the White House to pay his respects. And thereby hangs a tale. It is said that by telephone from his hotel the Georgia Demosthenes informed the vigilant Loeb that he was here. Mr. Loeb was glad to be so informed. How was the colonel's health, and how long would he be in our midst? Only a few hours, as Col. Graves was en route to Chicago to make another speech. Then the telephone rang off. In the course of an hour Col. Graves called up the White House again. Was that Mr. Loeb? It was. Was the President in? He was, but was very busy at the moment. Did Col. Graves have anything of importance to communicate to the President? Nothing of special interest, although if the President should not be busy all day Col. Graves might drop around to the White House later just to pass the time of day and inquire as to the state of the Union. Mr. Loeb would communicate with Col. Graves further on the subject. Faithfully the Georgia orator remained in his room in close proximity to the telephone, which accounts for his not being seen upon the public thoroughfares, but no call came from Loeb. Then out to Chicago Col. Graves sped and made an eloquent speech in advocacy of President Roosevelt nominating William Jennings Bryan for President in the Republican convention. This is the story that's told.

Negro Army Officers.

Capt. Charles Young, of the Ninth Cavalry, is not the only negro officer in the army, as is erroneously stated in a paragraph now going the rounds of the press. Each of the four negro regiments—two of cavalry and two of infantry—have negro chaplains who rank as captains. Then there is one negro in the pay corps with the rank of major—John R. Lynch, who for years was one of the best known negro politicians of Mississippi, and was appointed a paymaster by President McKinley at the opening of the war with Spain. There are also at least two negro lieutenants of the line, while two or three other negro enlisted men are now eligible for examination for promotion from the ranks. Capt. Young is the only one of the number who is a West Point graduate. He won a cadetship at the Military Academy by competitive examination in Ohio, and on final examination achieved a mark high enough to entitle him to select the cavalry for service as an officer. He served nominally with the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry several years before the war with Spain, when he was given by President McKinley a commission as major in a regiment of negro volunteers organized in Ohio. After the muster-out of that organization, Young, whose rank in the regular establishment was then first lieutenant, was assigned to duty at Port au Prince, Haiti, as military attache of the United States Legation, where he has been stationed ever since. Only a few days ago he received orders from the War Department to join his regiment in the Philippines, and he is now preparing to go there for field duty.

Young has been kept on various details away from his regiment during most of his service in the army. It is not known how the white officers of the Ninth Cavalry will receive him in the Philippines. He will be entitled to all the privileges of other officers of his rank. Some of his West Point classmates are now officers in the Ninth, one or two of whom have not yet reached his rank. His linear rank is seventy-five among the cavalry captains. Young is spoken of highly by army officers who know him. There is no sort of blemish on his record as an officer.

MR. BRYAN'S PREACHING.

More, Not Less, of Such Lay Sermons Is Needed.

From the Springfield Republican.

There will be no dissent among those who listened to Mr. Bryan's talk in Court Square Theater Sunday—and none were for a moment inattentive—from the statement that he is a preacher of remarkable power and helpfulness. The essentials of life and conduct—those things that make for individual peace, usefulness, and honor, for helpfulness in the personal contact, in the community and State and national relationships, as in all these things we are bound together as citizens—these were his theme. He touched upon the great drama of life at many points, to illumine at all, and in each to reinforce the need for individual consecration, for the right choice as to purpose and conduct, the attitude toward God which each human soul must face, and where character or the lack of it begin and flow out to make the man what he is.

It is much when a public character upon whom so many political hopes have centered, and who is without challenge a remarkable American, discusses thus, with a sincerity that is manifest, the roots of character and conduct with the youth of a city. The process helps to establish not only respect for religious truth and life, but to invite to the practice of that which is honorable and of good report. Differ as men will with Mr. Bryan in politics, no good citizen failed to get from his address an impulse that should abide beyond the hour. In his speaking and lecturing the man has found a work that not only embodies the best ideals of citizenship, but he possesses an art of persuasion that must work good in inviting to reverent thought and faithfulness in service all along the line. Mr. Bryan in this is a helpful citizen of the republic, whatever his political future may be.

It is evidence of character and strength when high public service is not dependent upon public office, and of lay preaching, such as Mr. Bryan's we need more and not less. The message of the pulpit can gain converting power in secular lips as it is seen that the ideals of the "sacred office" are convertible into terms of every day good citizenship—that it pays best to invite peace of soul through honesty of service, and that the life and words of Jesus Christ still constitute the great solvent of problems that vex the community, the nation and the great family of nations.

CLEAN, COMPACT, AND NEWSY.

Success of The Washington Herald and What It Proves.

W. N. Brockwell, in Trades-Unionist.

When The Washington Herald appeared I predicted success for Mr. Bone's new venture. All prophets are pleased by verification. I have certainly had it in this case. The Herald has indeed come to stay. Its success must be very pleasing not only to the craft for which it is my pleasure to write—the craft which makes the mechanical part of a newspaper, as well as also adding much to its intellectual and other features—but also to every one who believes in clean, compact, and newsy papers edited in a brainy and honest way. Its success has been pronounced, and proves absolutely a theory which has long been uppermost in my mind—that the people really want the right kind of papers, and will take them if opportunity offers.

FEARS ACCIDENTS TO FLEETS.

Western Editor Says Maneuvers Are Sometimes as Bad as Battles.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

Some happenings not down on the programme may be expected at the Jamestown "show" this summer. Unless history for once kindly fails to repeat itself, there will be more ships of war sunk or damaged during the maneuvers in the Virginia waters than have been lost in many a famous sea battle. In war time ships of war are able to take care of themselves, but in times of peace they can get into more trouble than a Missouri innocent in Chicago.

Every country of the world that boasts a navy and some others whose navies are no excuse for boasting will be represented in the fleet of battle ships, armored cruisers and torpedo craft that will be gathered at the Virginia exposition. The thought is enough to make the most daring mariner shudder. Not a year goes by that some country does not lose a costly war ship in its peace-time maneuvers.

The thought of what may happen when the war fleets of our South American friends, and the naval odds and ends of Europe attempt to perform their evolutions for the admiration of the world makes the idea of those coming naval parades more thrilling than any "death-defying" circus act human ingenuity has devised. And the ancient bull that dropped into the china-shop will be regarded as a mere tyro in the act of destruction when the history of the Jamestown naval display is written.

How to Get Rid of the Hats.

From the Lynchburg News.

A writer in the Abington Virginian, remarking that ladies are exceptionally considerate about removing their hats at the plays, says there are few who do not have this regard for others—and anent these "few," suggests that they may have valid excuse, such as: Hair not done up, bald places, "walnut knot" to conceal, or something to be ashamed of. Let this idea once get well abroad, and even the small number of feminine hats that may be occasionally seen during public performances in America will most assuredly come off. The fair sex will stand for no such suspicions.

The Pun in Chicago.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

Hansum Bey, a merchant of Calcutta, who is now visiting this city, says that Chicago leads all other cities of the world in the qualities which constitute a true trade center. The compliment is a pleasant one, and, as Hansum Bey adds work to faith by doing a large trade with Chicago, it may be said that Hansum is as Hansum does.

When Greek Meets Greek.

From the Nashville American.

Roosevelt has dealt with some bad uns in his time, but never anything quite so fierce and desperate as a Tennessee Republican who has had a juicy morsel jerked out of his mouth. Here's where Teddy humbly apologizes and craves 10,000 pardons.

A SPRING SONG.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear;
To-morrow'll be the gladdest day of all the glad new year.
Get out my winter flannels, mother, my chest protector! Nay.
Don't fail to get my arctics, too, for I'm to be Queen of the May!

Oh, mother, I am quite (kchoo!) the happiest ever yet—
Grip germs are stealing through me, and my eyes are wringing wet;
I've influenza, tonsilitis, and pneumoni-a—
And yet I shout with laughter loud, for I'm to be Queen of the May!

Yed, modder, cawd me early, zat I may spray my throad,
Ad sog my fed in mutard (I'm hoarse ad ady goat!)
But nebber mid. Brig garlads, I'b feeding awful gay—
It is the gladdest, merriest tibe, for I'b to be Queed ob de May!

—Life.

AT THE HOTELS.

"I was in Mexico lately and had my first experience of earthquake shock," said Mr. W. R. Burson, of St. Louis, at the Raleigh.

"The sensation is sickening, and one will do for a life-time. This shock I experienced was in the City of Mexico, and did very slight damage, but to the American visitors there, who were unused to seismic disturbances, it was terrifying in the extreme. I had gone to bed early and had hardly got to sleep when the thing happened. It's hard to describe that peculiar, swaying, rocking motion. A man in the next room who was from Kansas rushed out in the hall in his pajamas, and in excited tones yelled out that a cyclone had hit us. Women rushed out into the court in their nightrobes, and a general panic ensued, but the shock was soon over, and finally the guests made up their minds to go back to their rooms.

"About this time the crowds began coming out of the theaters, and most of these seemed to treat the occurrence as though it were only a common incident. I did not get a very good sleep that night, and woke up several times with the feeling that another shock was on that would bring about the destruction of the city. At these moments I made up my mind that the very next train leaving for the United States would have me for one of its passengers."

"A year or two ago the State of Kansas passed some stringent legislation against the Standard Oil Company hoping to break its grasp on the people," said Mr. C. J. Alden, of Kansas City, at the Shoreham.

"But the octopus is still doing business in our State, and will be, I suppose, as long as any oil remains in the ground. The prime cause of the anti-trust legislation was to make oil production profitable to individuals, but no such results has been attained. Of the many companies and individuals who owned oil interest in the Kansas fields, hardly any has made a dollar of late, and many of them, rather than continue a losing game, have wound up their affairs and gone out of business. When oil dropped to 50 cents a barrel, scarcely enough to pay for pumping, the speculative era closed. The stringent laws caused no raise in price, and ever since it has been at or below 50 cents.

"Besides, there has been a tremendous decline in production. When the oil fever was at its height, three years ago, Kansas was credited with a daily output of 40,000 barrels. To-day it is only about 10,000 barrels, most of which is handled by the pipe line companies. The small producer can't make enough to get his product to the pipe line, and has quit. The ten-barrel well is too small for profitable handling; the drilling outfits have been removed, and towns that dreamed of becoming great cities have since realized they were cherishing a delusion."

"In Indianapolis," said Mr. J. G. Thomas, at the Raleigh, "the authorities are considering the matter of placing chaperons in the public parks for the protection of young girls and women without escorts. Most of our citizens think this would be advisable because there have been many recent cases of molestation of unprotected women in the parks. The cost would not be large, and it would be a great satisfaction to know that girls without male protection could ramble in the parks with absolute security."

"I found more things to interest me in rural France, which I toured not long ago, than in the gay capital of that nation," said Mr. E. F. Burnham, of San Francisco, at the New Willard. "While in many parts of the republic agriculture has been brought to a high state of perfection, in some of the departments it is still in a very primitive condition.

"In la Vendee, for instance, there seems to have been no progress, no knowledge of modern, scientific farming, and the people follow the same fashion of work as their ancestors did centuries ago. There I saw women spinning with those old instruments, the distaff and spindle, which were in use 4,000 years ago. Throughout that locality sheep were kept for their milk, cows were worked at the plow and harrow, the wheat was ground by wind-mills, and the women went to market in little carts drawn by donkeys. Another odd sight was the portable stills which went from farm to farm making brandy, of which the district produces a considerable quantity.

"Another department in which I took great interest had for its chief industry the production of white pine. On farms of from 25 to 75 acres all the land except a small plot for a garden was given up to the raising of this species of timber. I never saw more thorough cultivation anywhere. The trees, which come from self-sown seed, grow rapidly, but are continually being thinned out. They are never chopped down as in the United States, but are grubbed out so as to save every portion of the tree, even to the roots, for firewood. Nothing is wasted by these frugal Frenchmen. The pine needles are raked up and given to the cows for bedding, and the green cones are sold for $9 cents a ton."

"It is a curious thing how some of our contemporary millionaires have developed certain artistic tastes until they have come to be, or at least think themselves connoisseurs," said Mr. G. E. Montgomery, of New York, at the New Willard.

"There is Senator Clark, of Montana, whose fad for pictures is well known. He has a large collection, including not a few bad ones, and will talk by the hour to any one who will listen to him discourse about his hobby. Mr. J. J. Hill's weakness is for diamonds. One of the biggest New York dealers in precious stones told me recently that the railroad man's judgment on diamonds was better than that of any amateur in the United States. He said that it was a mystery to him how a man like Mr. Hill, who had been all his life engaged in other lines, could come to have an almost unerring opinion as to the quality of diamonds and their value."

"Nobody can tell as yet," said Col. Harry S. New, at the Shoreham, "where the next Republican National convention will be held.

"As chairman of the national committee, I have received one or two formal applications from cities that desire the convention. St. Louis, Kansas City, and Seattle have given notice, and, informally, Chicago. There will, no doubt, be a good many more entries.

The matter will not be settled until next December, when there will be a meeting of the national committee to appoint the time and place of holding the nominating convention. A majority vote of the committee will decide the question. There are three essential qualifications that any city aspiring to the convention must possess: Good hotels and plenty of them, a great auditorium, capable of seating thousands, and first-rate telegraphic facilities. The newspapers have to be thought of, and the very best wire service must be at their command."

Mr. J. P. Alexander, of Wheeling, W. Va., now in this city, is a type of ambitious men who, having had service under the government, severed their connection with Uncle Sam's pay roll in the belief that business life offered better prospects for permanent success. He gave up a place in the Treasury to perfect himself in electrical engineering at Pittsburg. Now he is assistant purchasing agent of the Wheeling Traction Company. He speaks in enthusiastic terms of Wheeling's growth and the splendid industrial and commercial conditions in West Virginia generally. Nothing would induce Mr. Alexander to re-enter departmental life.